PSYCHO

T.M.

75¢
47789
NO. 18
MAY
1974

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

THE RATS ARE STARVING
—AND YOU ARE THEIR VICTIM!

...the Horror-Mood is pleased to announce...

TOMB OF HORROR

TALES OF THE VULTURE

- an all new series of old adventure tales, and an all old series of new adventure characters, are introduced as THE VULTURE introduces THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE CORPSE, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, and in issue #1 - THE BAT, in the weirdest series of sinister sagas ever presented in the HORROR-MOOD style -

KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL AND KILL AGAIN

- Archaic Al and Slimy SOSTRES are the creators of this death-dealing blow to sanity — whoever said justice is always victorious never met SIMON INGELS — but YOU'LL meet Ingels, or at least you'll meet up with his MEMORY, in TOMB OF HORROR — soon at your favorite magazine store -

THE COXSACKIE AXE-MURDER

- emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY finally scripts his autobiographical confession - aided by rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE -

WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOLVES

- FUNNELL and FONT team-up to interview a man in a madhouse whose childhood memories are about as normal as Attila the Hun's -

'it' is coming
'it' is a dead-thing, a half alive thing
'it' is a victim - and a MURDERER!
or
is 'it' a MURDERESS?
- is your appetite WHET? -
await 'it' - in
TOMB OF HORROR

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

– EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON –

NUMBER 18 MAY 1974

COVER ARTIST: VILLANOVA

CONTRIBUTORS: BOADA CARDONA MAELO CINTRON **DELA ROSA** ED FEDORY ALPHONSO FONT AUGUSTINE FUNNELL CESAR LOPEZ **PABLO MARCOS** MARO NAVA EDGAR ALLAN POE SUSO VILLAMONTE

...in this issue...

the RATS

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

NOW ANOTHER MANIAC!

THE BOUTIQUE MACABRE

THE MACABRE

UNCLE ED'S GRAVE

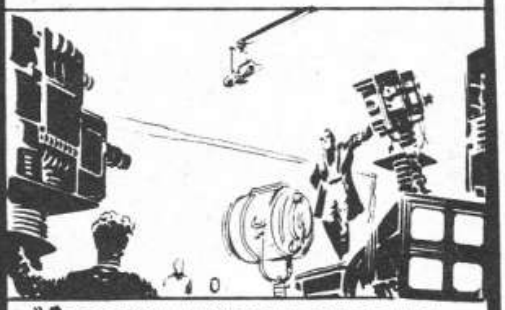
MONSTER, MONSTER, WATCH THEM DIE

PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41st STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

...IS THERE A ***SINGLE ONE*** OF ***YOU*** WHO HAS NOT SEEN ONE OF MY ***PERFORMANCES?*** EVEN ***ONE*** OF YOU WHO HAS NOT SEEN ME ON A ***MOVIE SCREEN*** AS THE MOST ***MAGNIFICENT*** OF ***ALL UNDEAD VAMPIRES?*** EVEN ***ONE*** OF ***YOU?...*** NO...YOU'VE ***ALL*** SEEN ME...

WRITTEN BY **ALAN HEWETSON**
ILLUSTRATED BY **RICARDO VILLAMONTE**

...AND YET...IT'S BEEN SUCH A ***LONG TIME*** SINCE YOU LAST ***SAW*** ME...25 TO 30 YEARS IT MUST BE ...I ***VANISHED*** FROM THE ***FACE*** OF EARTH...I SIMPLY ***DISAPPEARED*** ...AND NOW YOU WILL LEARN ***WHY...***



...AS I TELL MY ***OWN TALE*** THAT OCCURED 30 YEARS AGO WHILE FILMING ***"THE BLOOD OF THE DEAD"...***

THIS IS MY TALE...

THE MACABRE

..."THIS IS THE DAY IT ALL BEGAN--THE LAST DAY OF SHOOTING MY LAST FILM...IT STARTED WHEN MY PUBLICITY MAN CAME UP WITH A BRILLIANT IDEA...
...HOW I WISH...LOOKING BACK 30 YEARS INTO YESTERDAY...
...I WISH I'D TOLD HIM TO GO TO HELL..."
I GOT AN IDEA BASIL...
WATCHING YOU JUST NOW IT CAME TO ME... I THINK IT'S A GREAT IDEA...
WHAT'S THAT, HENRY?
YOU'RE GOING ON A STAGE TOUR ALL OVER THE COUNTRY--WITH THE VAMPIRE BIT...
HOW'S THIS FOR A PUBLICITY GRABBER--YOU CARRY A COFFIN WITH YOU FROM CITY TO CITY...TELL THE NEWSPAPERS YOU SLEEP IN IT AT NIGHT BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'RE A REAL VAMPIRE!
OH, COME NOW...THE PAPERS WILL KNOW IT'S JUST A GIMMICK...
SO WHAT? THEY'LL STILL GIVE YOU COVERAGE PICTURES OF YOU SLEEPING IN YOUR COFFIN...THAT'LL SET THEM THINKING WHETHER IT'S A GAG OR NOT...
WELL... ALL RIGHT... SET IT UP, HENRY...I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK!
AAAAA
ROLL 'EM!!

..."IT WAS A SENSATIONAL IDEA...THE PAPERS PHOTOGRAPHED ME IN THE CORNY COFFIN I CARRIED WITH ME...
..."AND THE STAGE TOUR WAS SOLD OUT IN EVERY TOWN I PLAYED...
..."NATURALLY--I DIDN'T REALLY SLEEP IN THE COFFIN--IT LAY EMPTY BESIDE MY HOTEL BED...
BUT...ONE NIGHT ...WHILE I WAS JUST GOING OFF TO SLEEP..."
WH...WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?

ANSWER ME, MAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT...ARE YOU? ...NOT AS YOU WOULD PRETEND I SEE...VAMPIRES DO NOT SLEEP IN BEDS!
YOU THOUGHT MY VAMPIRE GIMMICK WAS REAL? THEN YOU MUST BE...
OH, YES--I AM REAL... I CAME TO SEE THE MASTER VAMPIRE... BUT I'VE BEEN FOOLED BY A CHEAP GIMMICK... THE MASTER VAMPIRE IS NOTHING BUT A PHONY ACTOR...
GET OUT!! GET OUT OF MY ROOM!!
GET OUT? OH, NO! NOT TILL YOU LEARN A LESSON...YOU MOCK US? THEN I WILL MAKE MOCKERY OF YOU!
AAAAAHHH...
...YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! THE GUY WAS JUST A NUT I GUESS...
JUST A NUT?
...THE POLICE ARE OUT LOOKING FOR HIM NOW...

"...THE NEXT MORNING MY **THROAT** WAS SO **DRY** AND **PARCHED** WHEN I **AWOKE,** I FOUND IT HARD TO **BREATHE...**

"...AND WHEN I **WALKED** INTO THE **SUNLIGHT** IT WAS UNBEARABLE...

"...THEN MY MIND WENT BLANK AND ALL I COULD HEAR WERE FAINT VOICES..."

IT'S THE **TOUR..** IT'S **TOO MUCH** FOR HIM... IT'S NOT WORTH IT...WE'LL **CANCEL** IT...
...IT'S JUST A CASE OF **NERVOUS EXHAUSTION...** THAT'S ALL... HE NEEDS A LOT OF REST.

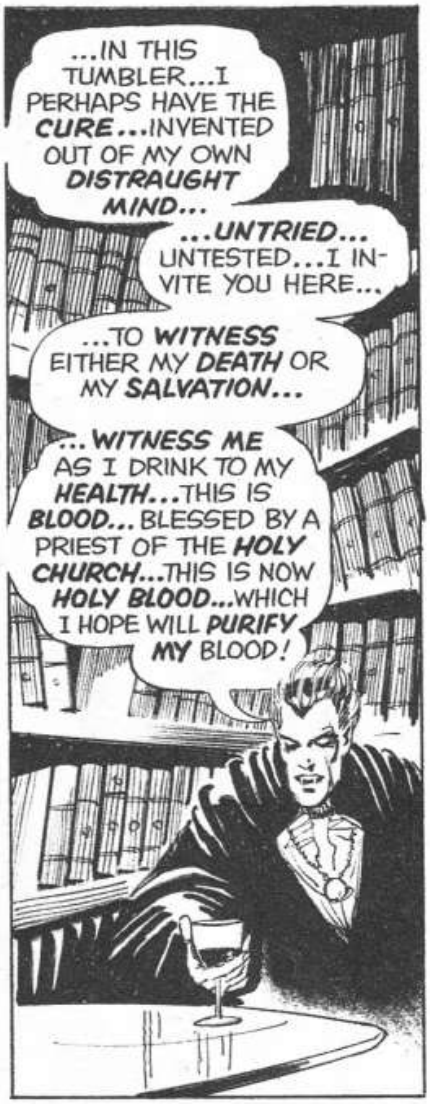
...OHHH...MY THROAT...
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME...A SUDDEN DESIRE...A HUMOROUS NOTION THAT I WANTED TO LIE IN THE COFFIN...TO SLEEP IN IT...
"BUT AT NIGHT I ROSE OUT OF THE COFFIN...LONGING FOR HUMAN BLOOD!"

...I WONDER IF I CAN TURN INTO A BAT AND FLY?
AAHHHH!
OH, LORD... WHAT HAVE I DONE?
I...WHO AM KNOWN TO MILLIONS...ADORED BY CHILDREN... WORSHIPPED BY FANS THE WORLD OVER...I LET MYSELF FALL VICTIM...TO THE CURSE OF THE UNDEAD...
I...CANNOT LET MY FANS SEE ME LIKE THIS...
...I MUST SEARCH FOR PEACE THROUGH SOLITUDE...

AND SO...I DISAPPEARED...
...30 YEARS I HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN...YOU SEE ME NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME...
IN ALL THIS TIME...
...I INHABIT THIS CASTLE NOW...ON A QUIET ISLAND IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES...ACROSS THE WATERS IS A SMALL COASTAL VILLAGE CALLED HUME-ON-THE LAKE...
...THE PEOPLE THERE CALL THIS ISLAND... DAMNATION ISLAND...
...AND... IT IS NO WONDER THEY ARE SUSPICIOUS AS TO WHAT HAPPENS HERE...
I AM, AFTER ALL, A VAMPIRE!!
RICARDO VILLAMONTE
...I MUST SATIATE MY LUSTS EVEN THOUGH IT REVOLTS ME! ONCE A MONTH OR SO I CAN BEAR THE LUST NO LONGER...AND IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...IN THE GUISE OF A BAT...ONE OF THE TOWNSFOLK FALLS VICTIM TO ME..."
I AM HORRIBLY CURSED...BUT I AM NOT RESOLVED TO MY FATE...
...NO... I HAVE SEARCHED FOR AN ANSWER FOR THESE 30 YEARS...AND THAT IS WHY I AM HERE NOW BECAUSE I THINK...I'VE FOUND THE ANSWER!

..."I HAVE ACQUIRED OVER THE THESE YEARS THE MOST COMPLETE AND MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY IN THE WORLD ON THE OCCULT...DEMONOLOGY... AND IN PARTICULAR...ON VAMPIRISM...
I HAVE SEARCHED THROUGH THESE VOLUMES FOR THE ANSWER...IT IS NOT THERE...
FOR NEVER HAS A VAMPIRE BEEN KNOWN TO CURE HIMSELF!"

UNKNOWN TO THE VAMPIRE, GROUPS OF ANGRY VILLAGERS ARE HEADED TOWARD THE EERIE CASTLE...


...IN THIS TUMBLER...I PERHAPS HAVE THE CURE...INVENTED OUT OF MY OWN DISTRAUGHT MIND...
...UNTRIED... UNTESTED...I INVITE YOU HERE...
...TO WITNESS EITHER MY DEATH OR MY SALVATION...
...WITNESS ME AS I DRINK TO MY HEALTH...THIS IS BLOOD... BLESSED BY A PRIEST OF THE HOLY CHURCH...THIS IS NOW HOLY BLOOD...WHICH I HOPE WILL PURIFY MY BLOOD!

AHHH... ...MUST...EXORCISE MY...MYSELF...BLOOD CAKES OUT MY PORES... THE PAIN...IS... IMMEASURABLE!
THERE HE IS!!
I...I FEEL DIFFERENT... CLEAN...FRESH IS IT POSSIBLE IT WORKED?
...AM I... FREE?
YOU DIE NOW... AS HORRIBLY AND BRUTALLY AS OUR DAUGHTERS DIED AT YOUR HAND...WE ARE FREE OF YOU, NOW, MONSTER!
SO...VAMPIRE...IT IS TRUE...MONSTER-- YOU EXIST!! WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH DEATH IN OUR TOWN... LET'S GET HIM, MEN!!
IT WORKED!! I AM FREE... I AM FREE!!
RICARDO VILLAMONTE
AAAAHH
...AND SO THE MACABRE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE MEETS OUT ITS JUSTICE...
...REST IN PEACE, BASIL LOGOSI...YOU ARE FINALLY FREE!!

NOW — THE MACABRE TALENTS OF

PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS

ARE HARD AT WORK ON

LADY SATAN

to create an all NEW LOOK to the BLACK MISTRESS OF HORROR — beginning in the next issue of

PSYCHO

. . . it's destined to be the most controversial, no-holds-barred illustrated tale of the year — when you read: THE SON OF LORD LUCIFER you'll know WHY! — by ARCHAIC AL and PARANOIC PABLO — the team that make the HORROR MOOD MAGS the most EXPLOSIVE HORROR MAGAZINES on the newsstands . . .

LADY SATAN

IS SATANIC DYNAMITE!

the sketches on this page are a paranoic preview of the madness to come!

...HERE STARTS OUR TALE OF...
the RATS
DE LA ROSA
...AT EXACTLY WHAT MOMENT SYD WILDER WENT INSANE WE WILL PERHAPS NEVER KNOW...BUT HERE IS WHERE HIS TALE BEGINS...AND IF YOU ARE SO INCLINED, FOLLOW WITH HIM AS HE TELLS HIS OWN STORY, WHICH BEGINS IN THE YEAR 2010...
GOOD LORD!
...MY GOD AM I LOSING MY MIND?...
...MY GOD I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND!...
...I'M GOING INSANE!...
WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY DE LA ROSA

...WHAT CAN I DO... I CAN ONLY RUN... BACK TO THE FARM HOUSE...
... BACK TO SAVE MY FAMILY...
...OH MY GOD...
DEAR GOD! THEY NEVER HAD... HAD A CHANCE...
...GOT TO RUN...
...GOT TO GET THE HELL AWAY FROM THIS HELL...

...THE JEEP... I'LL BE ABLE TO GET AWAY IN THE JEEP...
...GOD... WHERE CAN I GO... IS THERE ANY POINT IN GOING ANYWHERE?...
...MY FAMILY IS DEAD... WHY DON'T I JUST LIE DOWN AND DIE... WHY BOTHER TO RUN? I DON'T WANT TO LIVE!!... I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WHEN THEY ARE DEAD...
...POOR MAN...
...POOR WRETCH...
...WHAT'S GOING ON IN HIS MIND?
...BUT HOW COULD SUCH A THING HAPPEN? MAYBE THEY AREN'T DEAD! MAYBE I'M DEAD! MAYBE I'M NOT DEAD THO! MAYBE NOBODY IS DEAD! MAYBE I'M JUST INSANE!

...THE RATS ARE GONNA GET ME NEXT...
RATS? WHAT RATS IS HE TALKING ABOUT?
THE RATS DON'T COME TILL LATER... HIS MIND IS ALL JUMBLED UP...
...I KNOW... I'VE LISTENED TO HIM TELL THIS STORY A HUNDRED TIMES IN THE LAST FEW DAYS... A HUNDRED TIMES HE'S RELIVED HIS MENTAL BREAKDOWN... A HUNDRED TIMES AGAIN HE'LL TELL HIS TALE... AND ANOTHER HUNDRED TIMES AFTER THAT...
...AND EACH TIME IT'LL BE MORE AND MORE JUMBLED... EACH TIME WILL BE WORSE TILL... TILL IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE AT ALL...
GOD... WHERE DO I GO? GOD... GOD... WHAT I DO?
...ALL AROUND... THE SAME THING... THE SAME THING... THE EARTH IS COMING TO AN END... MY MIND IS DEAD... MY MIND IS DYING... ALONG WITH THE EARTH...

...THE CITY... I'LL GO TO THE CITY...
...MY GOD THE EARTH IS HEAVING AGAIN...
NOW LISTEN TO THIS NEXT BIT... A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF MANIC DEPRESSION...
YES HONEY... WITH AN EXCELLENT CROP THIS YEAR WE CAN GO TO HAWAII FOR A SECOND HONEYMOON...
...I'LL GIVE YOU THE HONEYMOON I NEVER GAVE YOU WHEN WE WERE MARRIED...
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN... HIS MIND IS JUMPING UP AND DOWN... IS THERE A PATTERN TO ITS UPS AND DOWNS DISCERNIBLE YET?
NO...NOT YET... WHEN ONE BECOMES CLEAR HE MIGHT BE TAUGHT TO COPE... BUT... THERE ARE TOO MANY OTHER FACTORS INVOLVED AT THE MOMENT... HE CAN'T ACCEPT REALITY YET...
...FIRST... HE HAS TO BE TAUGHT REALITY...

BLAMP!
BLAMP!
BLAMP!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME OUT OF HERE...
...THE RATS ARE COMING...
...THE RATS WILL GET ME...
...YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME OUT OF HERE...
...HE'LL TALK ABOUT THE RATS SOON ENOUGH... ...SOON ENOUGH...
...VERY INTERESTING... HIS MIND ACCEPTS THAT HE'S IN A PADDED CELL...
...BUT NOT THAT THE RATS ARE NO LONGER A THREAT TO HIM...
...WHAT ABOUT THE RATS?...
...MY GOD WHERE'S THE WATER COMING FROM?
...IT'S A FLOOD... LIKE A TIDAL WAVE... THE DAMN OCEANS OF THE WORLD ARE OVERFLOWING...
...A BOAT... MY GOD A BOAT...

...MY GOD... THE WORLD IS DROWNING...
...I'M BEING CARRIED ALONG IN THE CREST OF THE TIDAL WAVE... ...IT'LL CRUSH THE CITY... IT'LL DEMOLISH IT...
...THAT BUILDING... THAT SKYSCRAPER... THE BOAT WILL SMASH UP IF WE HIT IT...
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP HIM... IN TIME... WITH CARE AND PATIENCE AND INDULGENCE...
...EVERYBODY IS DYING... DEAR LORD... EVERYBODY IS DROWNING...
...I AM INSANE...
THIS IS NOT HAPPENING... I KNOW I'M INSANE... I ADMIT I'M INSANE... I WON'T FIGHT THE FACT...
I'M IN A PADDED CELL AND MY FAMILY IS NOT DEAD... I AM MERELY... GOING... INSANE... I ADMIT IT... I ADMIT IT...
MY GOD HELP ME!

...THE ELEVATOR... GOD... IF I CAN GET IN THE ELEVATOR AND REACH THE ROOF I'LL BE SAFE...
RATS... FROM THE CELLAR-RATS... FILLING THE ELEVATOR... WHY ARE THEY IN THE ELEVATOR... THEY MUST SENSE IT'S SAFE BECAUSE... OH GOD HOW DO I KNOW WHY?
...OH GOD... THAT'S WHY THEY'RE IN THE ELEVATOR... THEY'RE EATING A CORPSE... SOMEONE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK AND... AND THEY'RE EATING HIM...
...I CAN'T GET IN WITH THOSE RATS...
...OH GOD THE RATS ARE ALL AROUND ME... MY GOD THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME... THEY'RE AT MY FEET... THEY'RE AT MY FEET NOW... I HAVE NO CHOICE... I HAVE TO STAY HERE OR I'LL DROWN... I HAVE TO FIGHT TO LIVE... I CAN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO DROWN... MY GOD... THE RATS ARE AT MY FEET... THE RATS ARE EATING MY LEGS...
...THE WATER IS RISING... MY GOD... I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT ELEVATOR...

...I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE PAIN...
...OH GOD AM I DEAD? LET ME DIE...NO MORE PAIN... PLEASE NO MORE PAIN... NO MORE PAIN...
...I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE INSANITY...I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE...NO MORE... NO MORE PAIN...THE PAIN IN MY HEAD...NO MORE PAIN... IN GOD'S NAME...
...DON'T LET THE RATS GET ME... I ADMIT I'M INSANE... I ADMIT IT... I ADMIT IT...
...THAT'S MORE OR LESS THE WHOLE STORY...
WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY?
...I DON'T WANT ANYMORE PAIN...TAKE THE RATS AWAY FROM ME...TAKE THEM AWAY...

...THEY FOUND HIM LYING IN A CORNER OF THE ROOF AGAINST A RAILING TALKING TO HIMSELF AND SHIVERING WITH THE COLD... AND FEAR...
... HE WAS JUST ONE OF MANY WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS REALLY HAPPENING... PEOPLE WHO'D BEEN SO CONDITIONED IN THIS MODERN SOCIETY TO ACCEPT A QUIET DAY-TO-DAY ORDERED EXISTENCE MINUS WAR, MINUS STRIFE, MINUS CATASTROPHE, MINUS ANYTHING OUT-OF-THE ORDINARY THAT WHEN SOMETHING OF CONSEQUENCE DID HAPPEN HE WAS UNABLE TO COPE... UNABLE TO ACCEPT IT...
... YEARS AGO THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED.
...THE GOVERNMENT FEEDS THEM FROM BIRTH... CLOTHES THEM... SHELTERS THEM... EVERYTHING...
...SO... HE JUST DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS HAPPENING RIGHT?
RIGHT!... HE JUST DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS REALLY HAPPENING...
...IT HAPPENED TODAY ONLY BECAUSE PEOPLE NO LONGER HAVE TO THINK OUT THEIR PROBLEMS...
... AN EARTHQUAKE... A FLOOD... A COUPLE OF ORDINARY ACTS OF NATURE AND HALF THE POPULATION GOES INSANE... THIS HOSPITAL IS FULL OF PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T COPE BECAUSE THEY WERE NEVER GIVEN ANY PROBLEMS IN LIFE...
TEMPORARY EMERGENCY MEDICAL CENTER
OK
AH YES... BUT... DON'T FORGET THE RATS... THAT WAS ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANY MAN INSANE...
... PERHAPS... ... IF HIS 'STORY' HAD BEEN TRUE... THAT WAS ACTUALLY THE ONLY PART OF HIS STORY THAT WASN'T TRUE... THAT WAS A MENTAL DISTORTION OF THE TRUTH...
... THE TRUTH WAS... HE WAS TRAPPED IN THE ELEVATOR WHEN IT WAS SHORT-CIRCUITED BY THE FLOODING... TRAPPED FOR THREE DAYS TILL THE SEARCH PARTY GOT IT OPERATING...
... THEY FOUND RATS IN THE ELEVATOR ALRIGHT... THE BONES OF RATS...
... THEY DIDN'T EAT HIM... .. HE ATE THEM...

...the Horror-Mood is pleased to announce...

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

A controversy has raged for years in comicdom - can a single story be substained more than 7, 10, 20 or say, 50 pages? The HORROR-MOOD illustrated magazines are pleased and proud to announce the noble comic-art experiment: THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, a 6 chapter, 120 page horror novel in the illustrated horror style you've come to know and love in these pages . . . illustrated by Sinister Suso and scripted by Archaic Al — it's the tense drama of 2 young girls captured by some-one, or some-THING that is ever-changing . . . what TORTURER is this whose POWER is WITHOUT LIMIT? - whose IMAGINATION is TERRIFYING? The answer begins in the next issue of

SCREAM

#6 — on sale March 28/74

...THESE ARE THE GIRLS...
... MISS JOSEY FORSTER...
... MISS ANNE ADAMS...
...THESE ARE THE GIRLS SENT TO THIS PLACE BY THEIR POLITICAL PARENTS WHO LIVE AND WORK IN THIS TOWN AT THE UNITED NATIONS... MISS FORSTER FROM RHODESIA... MISS ADAMS IS OF WASHINGTON, THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA; AND HERE IN THIS CITY JUNGLE THEY HAVE BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS... ...THESE 2... ARE WHAT THIS TALE IS ALL ABOUT...

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING... ...NOTHING AT ALL... ...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR?...
...LOOK CLOSELY AT THE SURFACE OF THE WATERS...LOOK OUT THERE AND SCAN THE WATERS WHERE THEY TOUCH THE HORIZON...DO YOU NOT SEE IT?
...YOU CALL IT A 'MOVEMENT IN THE WATERS'... HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW OF THIS COUNTRY NOT TO REALIZE WHAT THAT LITTLE 'MOVEMENT IN THE WATER' IS...
...YES... I SEE SOMETHING NOW... A DISTURBANCE... A MOVEMENT IN THE WATERS... WHAT IS IT?
...AND I KNOW THE MOSKOE-STRÖM WELL, FOR I WAS ONCE IN THE CENTER OF IT...BEING DRAWN INTO HELL ITSELF... YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN THE TALE I WILL TELL YOU... OF...
WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE
ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ
A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM
...WELL -WHAT IS IT THEN?
...THAT IS WHAT IS CALLED THE MOSKOE-STRÖM, NAMED AFTER THE ISLAND MOSKOE NEARBY IT... ...IT IS THE GREATEST, MOST MAGNIFICIENT, AND MOST GHASTLY THING ON THIS EARTH...
...IT IS THE MAELSTRÖM... 'WHIRLPOOL' YOU WOULD CALL IT...THE MOST TREACHEROUS THING KNOWN TO MAN ON LAND OR SEA...FOR IT SUCKS IN LAND AND SEA AND MAN ALIKE...WE NORWEGIANS KNOW ITS TREACHERY...
VERA 73

YOU WERE ONCE IN THE CENTER OF A WHIRLPOOL? WHAT RUBBISH... YOU EXPECT ANY SANE MAN TO BELIEVE THAT YOU DESCENDED INTO A MAELSTRÖM AND SURVIVED TO TELL THE TALE?
...NO...I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE IT-- THO I SWEAR TO YOU IT IS TRUE... ...WAIT TILL I TELL THE STORY... THEN JUDGE THE TRUTH OF IT...
"... MYSELF AND TWO BROTHERS ONCE OWNED A SCHOONER-RIGGED SMACK OF ABOUT SEVENTY TONS BURTHEN, WITH WHICH WE WERE IN THE HABIT OF FISHING AMONG THE ISLANDS BEYOND MOSKOE..."
"... IT WAS OUR PRACTICE TO LEAVE OUR FISHING AREA BEFORE THE NIGHTLY 7 O'CLOCK WATER CURRENTS BECAME TO STRONG TO MANIPULATE THE BOAT..."
...WE'RE LEAVING LATE TONIGHT... DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD CAMP AT MOSKOE ISLAND PERHAPS TILL MORNING?
... IT WOULD PROBABLY BE BEST... I DON'T THINK WE'LL MAKE IT HOME...
"...SO, AS WE HAD OFTEN DONE, WE HEADED OUR CRAFT FOR THE ISLAND, RATHER THAN RISK THE CURRENTS..."
...THE WATER IS TOO CALM... THERE'S NO WIND...
...PERHAPS A STORM THREATENS... AND THIS LULL IS A WARNING...
"...WITHIN LESS THAN A MINUTE THE SKY TURNED AS JET BLACK AS NIGHT..."
LORD ALMIGHTY... PROTECT US WE BEGEECH YOU...
"...AND WITHIN TWO MINUTES THE VIOLENT HURRICANE WAS UPON US..."

"... SUCH A HURRICANE AS THEN BLEW IT IS FOLLY TO ATTEMPT DESCRIBING... THE OLDEST SEAMAN IN NORWAY NEVER EXPERIENCED ANYTHING LIKE IT..."
"... WE HAD LET OUR SAILS DOWN BEFORE THE STORM OVERTOOK US, BUT AT ITS FIRST GHASTLY BLOW BOTH OUR MASTS WENT OVERBOARD... RIPPED FROM THE DECK CLEAN -- AS IF THEY HAD BEEN SAWED OFF...
"... I SAW MY YOUNGEST BROTHER TOSSED ABOUT LIKE A LITTLE LEAF IN THE SHARP, CRUEL WATERS... I SAW HIM DROWN... I SAW HIS BODY RIPPED TO RIBBONS BY THE HORRIBLE WATERS..."

"...I THREW MYSELF FLAT UPON THE DECK AND GRASPED A RINGBOLT NEAR THE FOOT OF THE FOREMASTS REMAINS..."
"...FOR SOME MOMENTS THE BOAT WAS COMPLETELY DELUGED WITH WATERS THAT NEARLY CHOKED OUR LUNGS..."
"...THEN I FELT MY BROTHER GRASP MY ARM (TO MY GREAT JOY -- FOR I FELT SURE HE HAD BEEN WASHED OVERBOARD) AND SCREAM INTO MY EAR ABOVE THE DIN OF THE RUSHING WAVES ABOUT US..."
...YOU HEAR IT?..
...I HEAR ONLY THE... SOUNDS OF HELL...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO HEAR?...
...DO YOU NOT HEAR IT?
...WE ARE UPON THE MAELSTRÖM!

"...AT FIRST I COULD NOT MAKE OUT WHAT HE MEANT, FOR WE WERE MILES FROM THE FAMOUS MOSKOE-STRÖM... THEN I REALIZED THE UNGODLY TRUTH... THE BOAT WAS BEING SUCKED AT ATROCIOUS SPEED INTO THE WATER-HOLE..."
"...AS WE APPROACHED IT WE WERE BORNE UPON A WAVE WHICH ROSE UP-UP-AS IF INTO THE SKY... I WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED THAT ANY WAVE COULD RISE SO HIGH..."
"...THE MOSKOE-STROM WAS NOW A QUARTER OF A MILE DEAD AHEAD OF US...I INVOLUNTARILY CLOSED MY EYES IN HORROR..."
"...AND WHEN IT SMASHED US INTO THE MASS OF WATER AGAIN WE WERE TOTALLY ENVELOPED IN FOAM..."

"...AS WE **EMERGED** FROM THE **FOAM** WE SAW A **WAVE ABOVE US** OF THE **SAME KIND** WE'D JUST BEEN **ASTRIDE** -- AND REALIZED WE WERE **DOOMED** TO BE **CRUSHED...**"

"...IT **FELL** UPON US AND **PUMMELLED** US A **MILE BENEATH** THE **WATER**--WE DOUBTED OUR **LUNGS** WOULD **LAST** TILL WE COULD AGAIN **RISE** TO THE **SURFACE...**"

"...BUT WHEN WE **DID** WE WERE --**OH HORRORS** -- WE WERE **CIRCLING** AT **GREAT SPEED** THE VERY **BRINK** OF THE **MAELSTRÖM...**"

"...MY **BROTHER**, WHO WAS HOLDING INTO A **CASKET**, THEN SEEMED TO **LOSE HIS MIND**--HE SEEMED TO FEEL HIS **SECURITY** WAS **THREATENED** AND *LET GO OF IT* -- MAKING FOR THE **SMALL RING** WHICH WAS MY **OWN SALVATION...**"

"**NO... NO...** IT'S NOT **BIG ENOUGH** FOR THE BOTH OF **US...**"

"...I NEVER FELT **DEEPER GRIEF** THAN WHEN HE **ATTEMPTED** THIS **LUNATIC ACT...** FOR ALTHOUGH HE WAS A **RAVING MANIAC** I COULD NOT WILLINGLY TAKE MY **BROTHER'S LIFE...** AND SO I **LET GO** THE **RING** AND **RAN** FOR THE **CASKET** FORMERLY **HIS...**"

"...AS I FELT THE SICKENING SWEEP OF THE DESCENT, I INSTINCTIVELY TIGHTENED MY HOLD UPON THE BARREL, AND CLOSED MY EYES..."
"...NEVER SHALL I FORGET THE SENSATIONS OF AWE... AND HORROR... AND ADMIRATION WITH WHICH I GAZED ABOUT ME... THE BOAT APPEARED TO BE HANGING - AS IF BY MAGIC - MIDWAY DOWN UPON THE INTERIOR SURFACE OF A MAGNIFICIENT WATER FUNNEL... WHOSE SIDES WERE PERFECTLY SMOOTH... AND WE WERE SPINNING 'ROUND THE CENTER OF THE MAELSTRÖM PIT WITH BEWILDERING RAPIDITY..."

"... AS WE FIRST WHIRLED ROUND... I THOUGHT OUR CRAFT ALONE IN THE WHIRLPOOL... BUT THEN I BEGAN TO NOTICE OTHER OBJECTS FLOATING... DEBRIS, SMALL AND LARGE... PIECES OF HOUSE FURNITURE... BUILDING LUMBER AND TRUNKS OF TREES, BROKEN BOXES, BARRELS... ALL MANNER OF OTHER THINGS..."
"... THE LARGEST 'ITEM' WAS THE PARTIAL WRECK OF A DUTCH MERCHANT SHIP WHICH WAS IMMEDIATELY, BEFORE OUR VERY EYES, SUCKED STRAIGHTAWAY INTO THE DEPTHS BELOW US... THE SIGHT OF THIS MADE ME THINK SO THAT MY LIMBS TREMBLED AND MY TEETH RIPPED INTO MY LIPS... IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE LARGER THE OBJECT THE QUICKER IT WAS SUCKED UNDER THE WHIRLPOOL -- AND WE -- AND OUR BOAT... WERE SO LARGE IN PROPORTION TO THE DEBRIS ABOUT US THAT OBVIOUSLY WE WERE TO VANISH UNDER THE DEPTHS NEXT...

...LET GO THE RING... COME TO THE BARREL...
...THE BOAT WILL SINK NEXT... IT IS TOO LARGE... COME AND STRAP YOURSELF TO THIS BARREL... IT IS MUCH SMALLER...
ARE YOU MAD?
WILL YOU NOT COME?
...YOU ARE MAD NOT TO...
...NO... BY GOD... YOU'RE MAD TO LEAVE THE BOAT...
"...I STRAPPED MYSELF TO THE BARREL AND LEAPED INTO THE WATER-WALL..."
"...AND WATCHED MY BROTHER ALMOST INSTANTLY SINK TO HIS DEATH..."

"...I SWIRLED ABOUT FOR AN HOUR... WATCHING THINGS SUCKED INTO THE WHIRLPOOL...BUT TO MY ASTONISHMENT CAME TO REALIZE I WAS RISING UP THE WALL OF WATER... NOT DOWN AT ALL..."
"...WHEN I WAS ALMOST AT THE EDGE OF THE TOP A WAVE, OF THE KIND THAT PROPELLED US INTO THE MAELSTRÖM, CAME UP FROM UNDER ME AND LIFTED ME UP AND AWAY COMPLETELY FROM THE WHIRLPOOL'S CENTER ONTO THE OCEAN TOP..."
"...WHERE I WAS RACED AT TREMENDOUS SPEED BY CURRENTS AND WAVES TILL I WAS MILES AWAY FROM THE MAELSTRÖM AND THE WATER CALMED..."
...AND THERE I WAS PICKED UP BY A FISHING BOAT AND FRIENDS...
...YOUR STORY IS FAR TOO FANTASTIC TO BE TRUE...
...EITHER THAT OR...FAR TOO FANTASTIC NOT TO BE TRUE...
...YOU LOOK AT ME NOW AS AN OLD WHITEHAIRED MAN... MY HAIR HAS BEEN THAT WAY SINCE THE DAY I... I WAS IN THE MAELSTRÖM... IT WAS RAVEN-BLACK TWO YEARS AGO...
... I WAS 23 YEARS OLD TWO YEARS AGO...

HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST

. . . can you fill in the missing VOICE BALLOONS ? The best 5 entries we receive will WIN an advance copy of the next issue . . . get your entry in FAST and you can become a WINNER . . .

MAIL TO:
SKYWALD CONTEST #4 RM 1501
18 EAST 41st. ST., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017

NAME _____

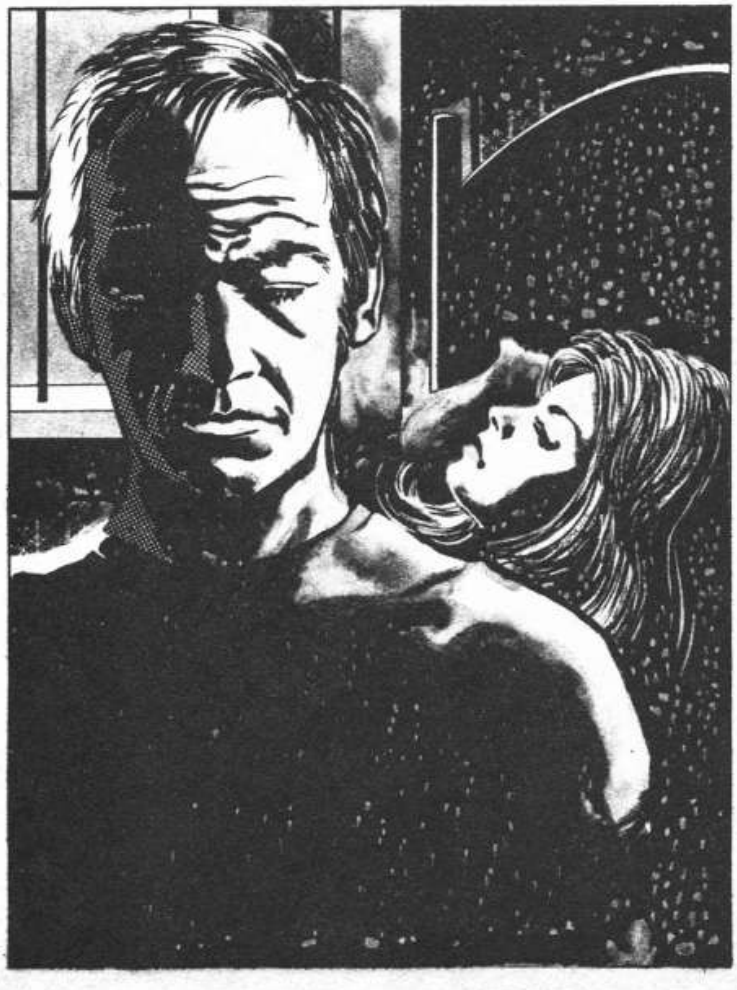
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NOW... ANOTHER MANIAC!

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAELO CINTRON

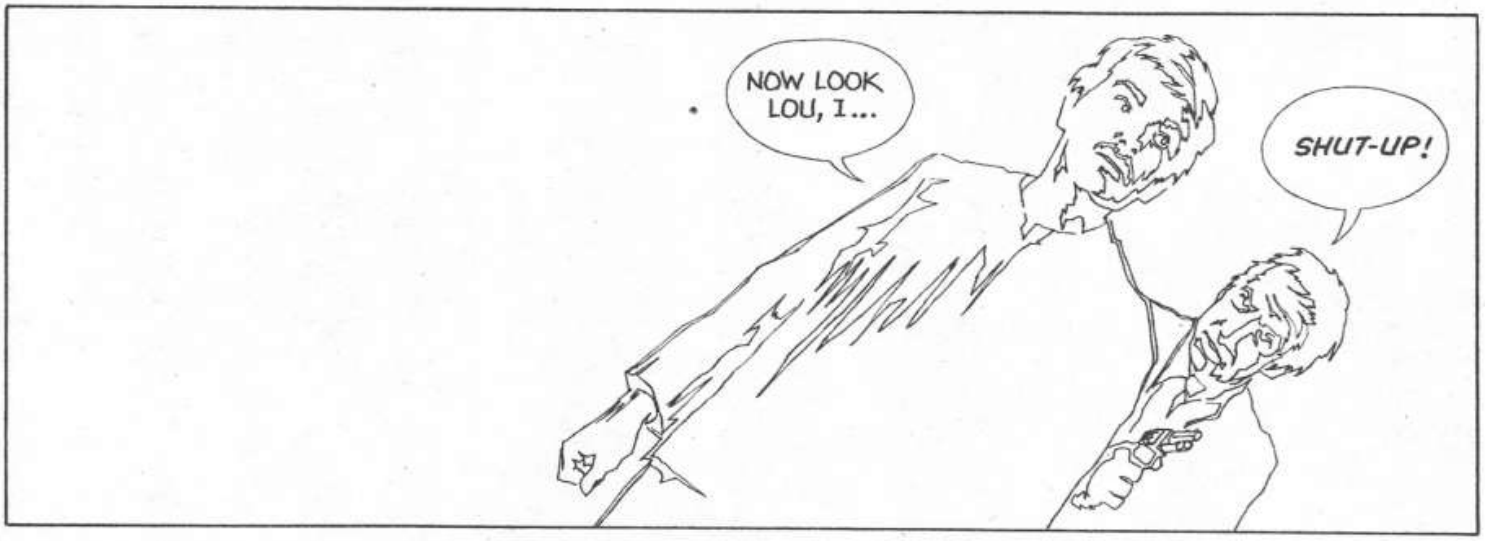


...DAWN... NOBODY UP YET...DON'T SEE A SOUL...
KRASH!
GOD-DAMNIT! SOME KID'S BIKE ...PROB'LY WOKE UP THE WHOLE DAMN NEIGHBOR-HOOD...
NOTHING MUST GO WRONG.
...THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF MY LIFE...
...TODAY I GOTTA KILL A MAN!!

I PLANNED THIS SO LONG... DON'T KNOW NOW IF...IF I GOT THE GUTS!
...GETTIN' REAL LIGHT...DAWN... GOTTA GET MOVIN' ...KEEP TO MY SCHEDULE!
KICK KICK

I PLANNED THIS SO LONG... DON'T KNOW NOW IF...IF I GOT THE GUTS!
...GETTIN' REAL LIGHT...DAWN... GOTTA GET MOVIN' ...KEEP TO MY SCHEDULE!
KICK KICK

...HUH?
...LOU...
WHAT...
BE QUIET...
SHUT-UP..


NOW LOOK LOU, I...
SHUT-UP!

TURN HERE ONTO ROUTE 8... TAKE THE FIRST DIRT ROAD ON YOUR LEFT... DRIVE TO THE END...

ALL RIGHT, STOP HERE AND GET OUT...
DIG...
WHAT?
DIG A HOLE!
NOW LOOK LOU... WE BEEN PARTNERS A LONG TIME...WE CAN CLEAR THIS UP EASY...
...IT'S TOO LATE...
...PASS THE SHOVEL UP... GIVE IT TO ME...
JUST GIVE ME THE SHOVEL...
PLEASE LOU... PLEASE...I'M SORRY I DID IT...I CAN UNDO IT...PLEASE... LOU...PLEASE...
RAAANNNG!

THANK GOD...IT'S FINISHED!
THANK GOD IT'S FINISHED...I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD GO THROUGH WITH IT...
21
MY GOD...MY GOD... WHAT WENT WRONG? EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT... WHAT WENT WRONG?
MR. LOU WATERS?
YES!
YOU RUN OVER A BICYCLE IN YOUR DRIVEWAY THIS MORNING?
OH, GOD... ...HA HA HA... THAT'S ALL IT IS...THE BIKE... THE KID'S BIKE...
YES...I DID...AHH WHOEVER OWNS IT...I'LL BE GLAD TO PAY FOR IT... I...AH...DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS DOING IN MY DRIVEWAY!
...IT WAS YOUR PAPER-DELIVERY BOY'S BIKE...HE WAS DELIVERING YOUR MORNING PAPER...
OH?
I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WERE GOING AT THAT HOUR OF THE MORNING, MR. WATERS... BUT THE BOY IS DEAD...
...DEAD?
HE WAS ON THE BIKE WHEN YOU RAN OVER IT...

THERE ARE SUCH THINGS IN THIS WORLD -- VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, GHOULS, FIENDS, GHOSTS, DEMONS, VOODOO... I KNOW. I KNOW... IT'S UNPOPULAR TO THINK OF SUCH THINGS, ISN'T IT, EH?

...WELL I TELL YOU BOY... YOU MAY THINK YOUR UNCLE ED IS OLD FASHIONED, NAIVE, A BIT NUTS... PERHAPS I AM...
...BUT WHAT I SAY I KNOW TO BE THE TRUTH...

UNCLE ED'S GRAVE

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHONSO FONT

I SHOULD BE IN AWE OF YOU UNCLE...
... YOU ARE A MAN OF GREAT EXPERIENCE, GREAT KNOWLEDGE, AND I KNOW -- GREAT WISDOM...
...I CAN, TO A DEGREE, ACCEPT MANY OF THE THINGS YOU SUGGEST, HOWEVER MAD THEY MAY SOUND, ON THE MATTERS OF VAMPIRISM AND LYCANTHROPY THAT HAVE BECOME UNPOPULAR TO BELIEVE...
...BUT I CANNOT, SIR, FOR A MOMENT BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE A -- A VAMPIRE!
WHY CAN'T YOU BELIEVE IT? I'LL TELL YOU WHY RALPH... BECAUSE WHILE IT IS TRUE THAT VAMPIRES DO EXIST, THE PUBLIC NOTIONS OF VAMPIRISM ARE RUBBISH -- AND YOU CANNOT BELIEVE YOUR OLD UNCLE STALKS THE CITY STREETS BY NIGHT AND SLEEPS IN A COFFIN BY DAY... EH? IS THAT IT?
WELL OF COURSE I DON'T DO THOSE THINGS -- THEY BELONG TO SOFT-COVER FICTION...
...BUT I TELL YOU RALPH... THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME ANY LESS A VAMPIRE...
...WELL, UNCLE, PLEASE TELL ME WHAT A VAMPIRE'S LIFE IS REALLY LIKE... ARE YOU 'UNDEAD'?... DO YOU 'FEAST ON BLOOD'?.. OR HAVE GREAT HYPNOTIC POWERS... ANY OF THESE THINGS?
I SENSE A GREAT SARCASM IN YOUR VOICE... WELL, IT'S TO BE EXPECTED I SUPPOSE...
...YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT VAMPIRES EH? WELL ... ALRIGHT THEN, I'LL TELL YOU THE AWFUL TRUTH...
...AND PREPARE YOURSELF -- FOR YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN ALIVE TO LEARN SUCH MACABRE THINGS...

"...I BECAME A VAMPIRE WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY... MY UNCLE, IN MUCH THE SAME FASHION AS THIS CONVERSATION BETWEEN YOU AND I, TOOK ME ASIDE AND TOLD ME HE WAS A VAMPIRE -- TOLD ME IT WAS A FAMILY TRADITION...

...THEREAFTER, AS RARELY AS NECESSARY... WHICH CAME TO BE ONCE A YEAR OR SO... I FOUND MYSELF UNABLE TO CONTROL AN INSATIABLE LUST FOR BLOOD... AND I WOULD FIND A SUITABLE VICTIM, AND FILL MYSELF WITH THE REDNESS, THE LUSCIOUSNESS OF HER BLOOD...
FATHER'S CHOCOLAT

...ARE YOU SURE, UNCLE, THAT YOUR LUST WAS NOT ANOTHER MORE-ORDINARY KIND OF LUST WHICH YOU RATIONALIZED WITH THIS EXCUSE OF VAMPIRISM?
...DO NOT MAKE LIGHT OF WHAT I SAY, RALPH BOY... IT IS NO JOKE...

...OTHERWISE -- EXCEPT FOR THESE ONCE-A-YEAR MURDERS, I LIVED A NORMAL LIFE... I MARRIED -- HAD CHILDREN... MA INTAINED A NORMAL JOB AND A NORMAL LIFE IN SOCIETY...

... I STUDIED... I RESEARCHED EVERYTHING EVER WRITTEN ON THE SUBJECT OF VAMPIRISM, AND ALL THE OTHER RELATED OCCULT EVILS OF THIS WORLD, IN AN EFFORT TO FREE MYSELF...

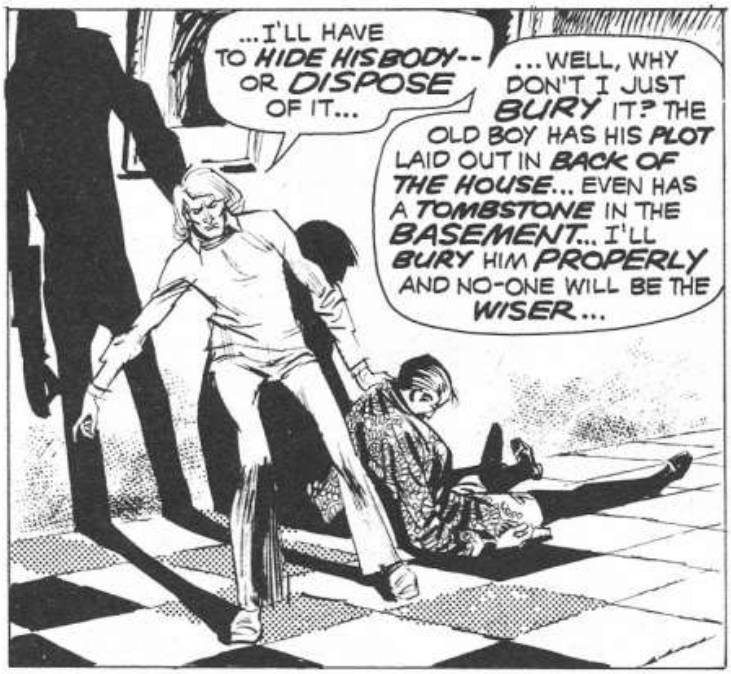
I LEARNED NOTHING! THAT IS TO SAY... I LEARNED THAT NO SCHOLAR HAS EVER DETERMINED A CURE FOR THIS MALADY...

... WHY DO YOU TELL ME THESE THINGS UNCLE?
... DON'T YOU KNOW BOY?

... IF YOU THINK THAT I AM GOING TO 'CARRY ON' THIS FAMILY TRADITION YOU ARE DREADFULLY MISTAKEN...
... I DON'T BELIEVE YOU ANYWAY...
HAA! YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME EH? I CAN EASILY PROVE IT TO YOU...

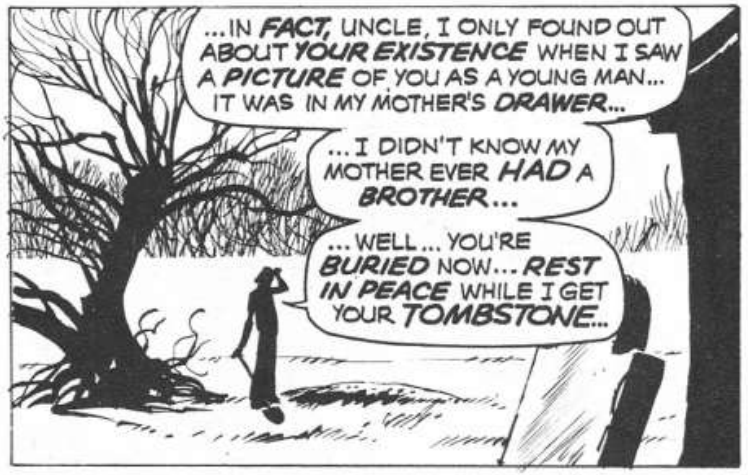
... I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS YOU WERE WHEN YOUR UNCLE 'APPROACHED' YOU-- I'M TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD... I'M STRONG ... I CAN DEFEND MYSELF... I CAN EVEN KILL YOU IF IT'S NECESSARY...
... ARE YOU NOT PROUD OF YOUR FAMILY NAME BOY?...
... IS MY FATHER A SO-CALLED VAMPIRE? IS MY MOTHER?... WHAT SORT OF FAMILY TRADITION TRIPE DO YOU GIVE ME THAT DOES NOT INCLUDE MY PARENTS?

VERY WELL... I SEE I CAN NOT WIN YOU OVER BY NORMAL MEANS...
...YOU CANNOT WIN-ME-OVER BY ANY MEANS UNCLE...
NO?!?
NO!
...H-HE'S DEAD! OLD FOOL... MUST'VE HAD A HEART ATTACK!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW? I ONLY CAME UP TO THE OLD IDIOT'S HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS BECAUSE IT WAS ISOLATED... BECAUSE THERE ARE NO POLICE UP HERE...
...NOW THAT HE'S DEAD... THEY'LL TRACE HIS DEATH TO ME AND I'LL BE WANTED FOR MURDER INSTEAD OF A SIMPLE JEWEL HEIST...


...I'LL HAVE TO HIDE HIS BODY-- OR DISPOSE OF IT...
...WELL, WHY DON'T I JUST BURY IT? THE OLD BOY HAS HIS PLOT LAID OUT IN BACK OF THE HOUSE... EVEN HAS A TOMBSTONE IN THE BASEMENT... I'LL BURY HIM PROPERLY AND NO-ONE WILL BE THE WISER...

ALRIGHT-- COME ON UNCLE-- I'M LAYING YOU TO YOUR ETERNAL REST!

NO WONDER THE FAMILY NEVER SPOKE OF YOU... THE SKELETON IN THE FAMILY CLOSET... NO-ONE EVER SPOKE OF YOU... NO WONDER... YOU'RE A NUT... ALL THIS RUBBISH ABOUT VAMPIRISM... YOU OLD FOOL ...YOU'RE INSANE...


...IN FACT, UNCLE, I ONLY FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR EXISTENCE WHEN I SAW A PICTURE OF YOU AS A YOUNG MAN... IT WAS IN MY MOTHER'S DRAWER...
...I DIDN'T KNOW MY MOTHER EVER HAD A BROTHER...
...WELL... YOU'RE BURIED NOW... REST IN PEACE WHILE I GET YOUR TOMBSTONE...

HMMH! EXPENSIVE TOMBSTONE...

NOW... LET'S SEE... I HAVE TO CHIP OUT THE DATE OF YOUR DEATH... SEPTEMBER 22, 1973
...WHAT IS THIS? BORN 1822? WHY... THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE... THAT WOULD MEAN HE'S... HE'S A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD... NO... MUST BE SOME MISTAKE...
...MAYBE... HE'S MY GREAT-UNCLE... NO NO... HE'D BE MY GREAT-GREAT-UNCLE IF HE WAS THAT OLD ... BUT THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY NO-ONE EVER SPOKE ABOUT HIM...
ED MASTERSON BORN: AUGUST 30, 1812 DIED: SEP:
NO...NO... THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE...IF HE WAS THAT OLD HE REALLY COULD BE A... A...
YAAAAAAA
OH MY GOD.. UNCLE... UNCLE...NO PLEASE...
... COME NOW RALPH... AS I WAS SAYING, ABOUT OUR 'FAMILY TRADITION'..

THE HORROR-MOOD TEAM
reviews

HORROR BOOKS - MUSIC - MOVIES

THE HORROR IN THE CINEMA

. . . . the HORROR-MOOD MOVIE REVIEWS are so-called 'psychologically - positive' reviews — when we review a movie in these pages it's because we enjoyed a movie and we want to be able to know when you, the reader, go to see a movie, perchance after reading one of our reviews, you won't be disappointed. This limits the number of movies we review these days, because most of the stuff making the rounds is the most feeble trash imaginable. I suppose there's something good about everything. and if we were to isolate 1 minute out of 90 minutes of film we could review everything! But that's not the way we want to do it — we don't want to waste paper the way the filmakers are wasting celluloid . . .

. . . a very few films of note are currently appearing in movie theaters around this continent — TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA is good entertainment — CHRISTOPHER LEE is exciting as DRACULA as always, although he's only in the film about 10 minutes, but adds a new twist to the never-ending DRACULA SAGA when cometh the delightfully sacriligious conclusion when the PRINCE OF DARKNESS is in a church chapel and images of God mess up his brain . . . THE BLACK DRACULA returns in SCREAM BLACULA SCREAM, which takes off where numero uno leaves off, (namely, at the end) and further exploits the Shakespearian talents of WILLIAM MAR-

DRACULA

BLACULA

'THE HORROR ON THE BOOKSHELF

THE EXORCIST

It is indeed a rare and singular time, when I can pick up a horror book (often a book is stamped by the publishers with the 'horror' imprint as an inducement for the reader . . . . most times we find it a false promise), and NOT know the final outcome ahead of time. Such is not the case in the selection I have chosen to review, **The EXORCIST.**

In my own opinion, it is perhaps the finest book of its class since Bram Stoker's DRACULA. After 76 years of waiting for another GREAT THRILLER, we are not to be disappointed! In his chronicle of terror, William Peter Blatty, has woven MOOD, SETTINGS, DYNAMIC CHARACTERS, and not the least important, TIMING, into the single and greatest reading experience of a lifetime.

Immediately, the tale grips us. Its first chapter . . . . so vague . . . . mysterious. Why has the author chosen the prologue setting of Northern Iraq? How does the story end in a machine-gun-paced finale in Washington, D.C.? Why does the sweat drip from your neckline and form a pool on the back of your shirt? With frequency, you find yourself looking up from the novel . . . . is SOMEONE or SOMETHING watching YOU?

This is definitely not a venture for the weak of mind, spirit, or STOMACH! To define the charm and grasp of Blatty's novel, is to say that he has the most descriptive pen a horror writer could wish for. (I even tried to sell **my** soul for the gift, but they told me that Satan had already bought the option.)

The two central characters of the story are Father Karras, and a young girl named Regan. Regan becomes possessed by the demon Pazuzu, and it's Karras' job to gather the facts and present them to church officials. He needs to build a case, otherwise the Church will not allow him to go through with the ritual of exorcism. Karras! Let's face it, the name has a ring to it. Even when you say it backwards . . . . . Sarrak . . . . . nice and smooth. Karras is a character of heroic proportions (on my first reading he reminded me of your typical, humble, local 'sky pilot', but with a back as powerful as Mr. America). The price of the book is worth it just to study the way this character acts and thinks!

I have to honestly admit, it is the GREATEST book of the year! Many novels give us the old claim: you'll - never - be - able - to - put - the - book - down - once - you've - picked - it - up, but **The EXORCIST** is the ONLY book that has ever kept this promise to me! GOOD READING!

THE SOUND OF HORROR

There is, for those of you who have never given the thought a moment of your mind's time, enough horror on vinyl to choke Godzilla. Subtle, sometimes, but more often straight and direct. A one way ticket from your mind to the asylum.

Take for instance, the following verse:

> Cat's foot, iron claw
> Neuro-surgeons scream for more
> At paranoia's poison door
> 21st century schizoid man.

That is from the song, '21st Century Schizoid Man' by KING CRIMSON (from their first LP). Futuristic insanity, fear, and even a bit of hate in one little verse. There are two more verses to this song, but I won't reveal them because they could leave you, well . . . screaming!

Cannabalism? Certainly. Check out 'Silver Spoon', the first cut on side one of PAUL KANTNER and GRACE SLICK's LP, Sunfighter. Even the name of the album is enough to send visions flying through your mind.

Concerned with Satanism? Well witness Lucifer's love song, 'N. I. B.', a song from the first BLACK SABBATH album. On the same album there's a nice little thing called 'Black Sabbath', and it's about one of our favourite subjects . . . a sacrifice. It's complete with bells, pounding thunder, and enough mood to make the group honorary members of the Mood-Team.

Sometimes lyrics aren't even needed. To illustrate this I'd suggest a listen to 'Careful With That Axe Eugene', a song from the album, Ummagumma by PINK FLOYD. A tremendous build-up ending in one mind-shattering scream that would terrify even the most vile horror from Hell!

But what about the more conventional horror? A werewolf-type song? Certainly. 'When I Was A Boy I Watched The Wolves', a driving offering from the Sunfighter LP, again, KANTNER and SLICK.

And if, like me, you believe violence to be synonomous with horror, check out the song, 'My Size', a cut from JOHN ENTWISTLE's LP, Smash Your Head Against The Wall. Now is that an album title or is **that an album title!!**

And then of course, you have the kings (or queens, depending on your point of view) of insanity, ALICE COOPER. All sorts of goodies here. 'Dead Babies' (from the Killer LP), 'Sick Things' (from the Billion Dollar Babies LP), 'The Ballad of Dwight Frye' (a macabre **masterpiece** from the Love It To Death album), and many more insane, lunatic ramblings.

Now those are only a few. But with any luck, those few will get you into a world of horror that can grow with only the merest thought, and expand into something slightly akin to stark, raving insanity! There are many worlds in music . . . worlds filled with violence, flesh-eating humans, satanism, and other assorted ditties, calculated to throw those shivers of cold horror racing up and down your spine.

I recommend these songs for almost any true lover of horror. Just a few words of caution though . . . keep a silver bullet, a crucifix and a suit of axe-resistant, lunatic-proof armour nearby. You never know . . . some of those songs might not be only songs!!!

Lyrics to '21st Century Schizoid Man' © 1969 by E. G. Music Ltd.

SHALL, whose important inclusion in this film is actually the ONLY inclusion of ANYthing or anyONE of any importance. The BLACULA concept is actually quite 'interesting', and if you keep on repeating to yourself as you watch the film 'this is an interesting idea — this is an interesting idea', you might not notice what they actually did with this 'interesting idea'. WILLIAM MARSHALL is good, CHRISTOPHER LEE is good, and the moviemakers know it!

SISTERS

SISTERS is not only the BEST film of the year, it's also the most IMPORTANT horror film of the year, for amidst a plethora of affronting images, rip-offs, blood - sex -and -gore, and general high-key rubbish, SISTERS proves it's still possible to make a low-budget, low key, high quality horror film. Director BRIAN DE PALMA might argue our use of the word 'horror' to describe his Hitchcockian ideas, but we mean it in a most complimentary way. De Palma, a student of Hitchcock, admits the SISTERS movie was "a re-interpreting of Hitchcock's plot elements in my own way, in a different form"; he has, in fact, succeeded in generating an excitement that has been only vaguely existent in the latest films of his master. SISTERS, as you may realize, is about Siamese twins, and the murders in this production are freakish enough to send gripping chills up and down your primal spinal! SISTERS get an A-1 rating, director BRIAN DE PALMA gets an A-1 rating, and stars MARGOT KIDDER and in particular BILL FINLEY (as Doc Breton) are excellent! See this film, if you like MURDER and MADNESS!

. . . the MOOD-TEAM OPINIONS are the opinions of these weirdo critics and do not represent the opinions of anyone in their right minds! . .

MOOD-TEAM BOOK CRITIC
emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY

MOOD-TEAM MUSIC CRITIC
awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

MOOD-TEAM MOVIE CRITIC
archaic AL HEWETSON

THE BOUTIQUE MACABRE

WRITTEN BY EDWARD FARTHING ILLUSTRATED BY BORRELL

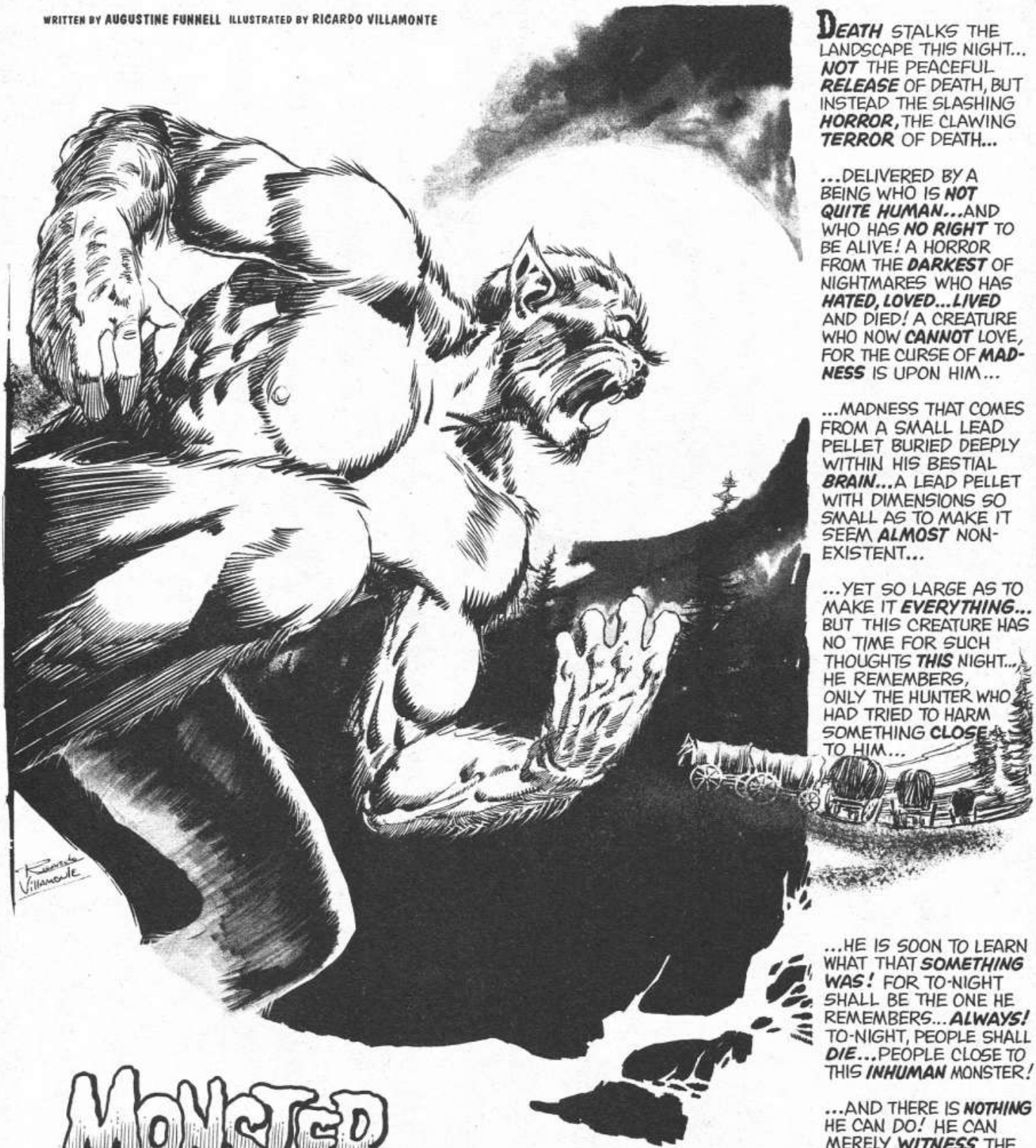
...WHAT A STRANGE LOOKING LITTLE COFFEE SHOP... LOOKS LIKE SOME PLACE OUT OF ANOTHER CENTURY...
...THIS 'STRANGE-LOOKING LITTLE COFFEE SHOP' IS IN THE STRANGE LITTLE TOWN OF HUME-ON-THE-LAKE WHERE EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE IS 'STRANGE' INDEED... 'LEAH'S BOUTIQUE' IS ON MAIN STREET IN THE CENTER OF TOWN, BUT EVEN THE LOCALS AVOID THE PLACE, AND IT IS ALWAYS EMPTY... ONLY 'TOURISTS' VENTURE INSIDE ITS MACABRE PORTALS - VACATIONERS LIKE EDWARD GUELPH, WHO RARELY COME BACK OUT... OF...
MMH -- PLACE IS EMPTY -- ONLY THAT GIRL HERE...
...COME IN SIR... I'M LEAH... PLEASE HAVE A SEAT...
NOT BUSY TODAY, EH?
NO SIR--NOT TODAY!
THIS IS A... NICE... LITTLE COFFEE SHOP... YOUR WALL DECORATIONS, ERR -- PAINTINGS -- ARE VERY... NICE...
BLOODY WEIRD IS WHAT THEY ARE!
WHY THANK YOU...
WHO -- AHH -- PAINTED THEM?
OH -- A LOCAL PAINTER DID THEM... EACH OF THEM REPRESENTS AN INTERESTING EVENT HERE...
YES... HERE... IN THIS SHOP!!
...HERE?..

BUT THESE THINGS ARE... I MEAN... SO... STRANGE -- THE 'EVENTS' COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN PLACE-- NOT REALLY-- I MEAN -- JUST LOOK AT THEM...
OH YES-- THEY ALL ACTUALLY HAPPENED... RIGHT HERE...
LIKE THIS PICTURE...IT WAS PAINTED THE SAME DAY OLD MR. WILLOCK DIED...
...I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
OH, IT'S VERY SIMPLE!
"...MR. WILLOCK CAME IN HERE... COMPLETELY DRUNK... HE WAS VERY RUDE TO ME, TRIED TO ASSUALT ME...
I HAD TO-- KILL HIM -- TO STOP HIM-- AS YOU CAN SEE...
WHAT! WHAT?! THAT'S YOU IN THE PAINTING... YOU KILLED HIM-- YOU MURDERED HIM?..
...AND THIS PAINTING SHOWS THE DAY THE TWO OLD BUSYBODIES CAME INTO MY SHOP AND TOLD ME I WAS IMMORAL AND SHOULD CLOSE MY SHOP...
...IMMORAL?... WHY?...
OH JUST BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN - THEY SAID WOMEN SHOULD BE AT HOME SEWING AND IN THE KITCHEN ...IT'S IMMORAL, THEY SAID, FOR A WOMAN TO BE OUT IN THE BUSINESS WORLD...
...SO I POISONED THEIR COFFEE...

...IT WILL SHOW YOU AS THE CENTRAL CHARACTER... I CAN'T HAVE EVERY TOM, DICK AND HARRIETT WHO COMES IN MY SHOP QUESTIONING MY MORALS AND ACCUSING ME OF BEING A MURDERESS AND A FIEND... I'M A 1973 PERSON... A 1973 WOMAN, I'M FREE AND I'M LIBERATED... I CAN DO WHATEVER A MAN CAN DO... IF ONLY THE WORLD WOULD LEAVE US WOMEN ALONE IT WOULD BE A MUCH BETTER WORLD... YOU MEN AND OLD WOMEN ARE ALWAYS AFTER US... MALE CHAUVINIST PIGS... OLD WOMEN... WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE US ALONE?... WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE US ALONE?...

...THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THE LATEST PICTURE IN THE BOUTIQUE MACABRE... ONE WHICH STILL SEEMS TO WHIMPER, STILL SEEMS TO CRY, AT THE MADNES WHICH MADE IT CAME TO BE...

WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE



MONSTER, MONSTER, WATCH THEM DIE

DEATH STALKS THE LANDSCAPE THIS NIGHT... ***NOT*** THE PEACEFUL ***RELEASE*** OF DEATH, BUT INSTEAD THE SLASHING ***HORROR***, THE CLAWING ***TERROR*** OF DEATH...

...DELIVERED BY A BEING WHO IS ***NOT QUITE HUMAN***...AND WHO HAS ***NO RIGHT*** TO BE ALIVE! A HORROR FROM THE ***DARKEST*** OF NIGHTMARES WHO HAS ***HATED, LOVED...LIVED*** AND DIED! A CREATURE WHO NOW ***CANNOT*** LOVE, FOR THE CURSE OF ***MADNESS*** IS UPON HIM...

...MADNESS THAT COMES FROM A SMALL LEAD PELLET BURIED DEEPLY WITHIN HIS BESTIAL ***BRAIN***...A LEAD PELLET WITH DIMENSIONS SO SMALL AS TO MAKE IT SEEM ***ALMOST*** NON-EXISTENT...

...YET SO LARGE AS TO MAKE IT ***EVERYTHING***... BUT THIS CREATURE HAS NO TIME FOR SUCH THOUGHTS ***THIS*** NIGHT..., HE REMEMBERS, ONLY THE HUNTER WHO HAD TRIED TO HARM SOMETHING ***CLOSE*** TO HIM...

...HE IS SOON TO LEARN WHAT THAT ***SOMETHING WAS!*** FOR TO-NIGHT SHALL BE THE ONE HE REMEMBERS... ***ALWAYS!*** TO-NIGHT, PEOPLE SHALL ***DIE***...PEOPLE CLOSE TO THIS ***INHUMAN*** MONSTER!

...AND THERE IS ***NOTHING*** HE CAN DO! HE CAN MERELY ***WITNESS*** THE DEATHS OF THOSE NEAR TO HIM...

THERE' IS SOME-ONE...SOMETHING... WATCHING US!...
NONSENSE, RAMON! YOU THINK ONLY OF THE BEAST THAT KILLED THE AMERICAN. AND THERE IS NO WAY HE COULD BE...
...HERE...
AND ATTACK IT DOES...SHOWING NO MERCY TO THESE MEN WHOSE ONLY CRIME AT THIS MOMENT IS BEING IN THE SIGHT OF THE MONSTER...
...BUT IS A CRIME THAT IS PUNISHABLE... AND SO IT IS...
...BY DEATH!

BUT DEATH IS NOT EXCLUSIVE TO THOSE *INHUMAN*...SOMETIMES THERE ARE *MONSTERS* IN *HUMAN FORM*...
THEY ARE *ALONE!*
SO THEY *ARE.* THE TIME IS RIPE FOR US TO GAIN THE PRECIOUS *AMULET*... AND GAIN IT WE *SHALL!* WITHOUT IT I SHALL *DIE*...AND I *MUST LIVE!*
IT MUST BE IN THE WAGON, AND IF *SO*, I MUST TRY TO GET IT. WATCH THAT I AM NOT *SEEN*, BUT IF I AM...
...I'M *SURE* YOU KNOW WHAT TO *DO!*
SHE IS *INSIDE*...THE AMULET OF POWER WILL BE *HERS* IN A MATTER OF *MOMENTS.* WAIT...THE OLD WOMAN IS STARTING TOWARD THE *WAGON*...
..SHE MUST *NOT* ENTER...
THE PRINCE OF THE GYPSIES CAN DO *MORE* THAN *TAKE* ORDERS...HE CAN CARRY THEM *THROUGH*... *PROPERLY!*

NOW, OLD WOMAN, YOU ARE REPAID FOR THE SHAME YOU HAVE CAUSED ME!
BANG!
BANG! BANG!
MOTHER! YOU'VE BEEN SHOT!
MOTHER!... YOU'VE KILLED HER!
DOMINIK, YOU FILTHY PIG!
YOU'VE MURDERED HER!
IT MATTERS NOT, GIRL... I'VE FOUND THE AMULET AND THAT'S WHAT I CAME FOR!
...NOW YOU CAN SEE WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR ME... I FEEL A GREAT CHANGE...
...THE AMULET OF POWER IS MINE! MINE!!

MY BROTHER FAILED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO GAIN THIS AMULET FOR ME...BUT IT WAS ORDAINED THAT I SHOULD SUCCEED...AND I HAVE!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, PRINCE OF GYPSIES. YOU HAVE BEEN PAID FOR YOUR WORK. I CAN LEAVE FOR AMERICA NOW...BUT I SEE FROM YOUR EYES THAT YOU'RE AFTER THAT GIRL...
GO THEN, TAKE HER... FAREWELL, PRINCE... I LEAVE YOU...
...TO YOUR PLEASURES...
...AND PLEASURES THEY SHALL BE...TOO OFTEN YOU'VE SPURNED MY ADVANCES...NOW, MY LOVELY, IT SHALL BE DOMINIK'S HOUR...
NO... YOU CAN'T... NO, NO!
I CAN! AND I WILL! START WALKING, MY LOVELY NOLA. MY PLANS CANNOT TAKE PLACE IN THIS OPEN AREA...
THE FIRE BURNS SLOWLY, AND DARKNESS SETS IN ONCE MORE. THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CLEARING, BUT IT IS NOT A PEACEFUL ONE. IT IS OMINOUS, FORBIDDING...FOR THE SPECTRE OF DEATH STILL HOVERS IN THE BREEZE THIS NIGHT...

YES, DEATH IS STILL PRESENT... BUT IT COMES IN A FORM THAT MIGHT NOT AT FIRST SEEM DANGEROUS... BUT IT IS! IT IS! THE FREAK HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE WOODS...
KIRSTEN!
NOLA! NOLA! WHERE ARE YOU?
EEEEEEE
A SCREAM! IT'S NOLA!
WHILE HEADING TOWARD THE SCREAM, THE FREAK PICKS UP THE RIFLE THE AMERICAN HAD USED IN PUMPING THREE BULLETS INTO HIS BODY...
AGAIN THE CLEARING IS EMPTY... SAVE FOR THE TWO STILLED FORMS WHICH SHALL NEVER AGAIN MOVE OF. THEIR OWN ACCORD...
A SHOT! IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO NOLA...
BUT ELSEWHERE, THERE IS MOVEMENT, QUICK AND DESPERATE. LIVES HANG IN THE BALANCE, AND THE UGLY LITTLE CREATURE NOW RUSHES THROUGH THE TANGLED BRUSH...
BANG

AS THE FREAK RUSHES TOWARD THE STANDING FIGURE OF DOMINIK, HE SEES THE LYING FORM OF NOLA...
MURDERER! SCUM! YOU'VE KILLED HER! MURDERED THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER...
...AND THE RAGE THAT BUILT UP WITHIN THE FREAK...UNLEASHES AT DOMINIK...
ZWOCK!
WITHOUT HIS RIFLE, DOMINIK CRINGES BEFORE THE FREAK'S CAREFULLY AIMED MUZZLE...
NO! NO! IT WASN'T ME...IT WAS THE AMERICAN WOMAN HALL! SHE PLANNED ALL OF THIS...I SWEAR IT...
I'M TELLING THE TRUTH... SHE PLANNED IT... SHE'S GONE BACK TO AMERICA... IT'S THAT WOMAN'S FAULT...SHE'S TO BLAME...NOT ME... PLEASE... IT'S NOT MY FAULT...
...PLEASE... D-DON'T KILL ME...
PLEASE!!
GRADUALLY THE FREAK IS CHANGING...HIS ARMS ARE TURNING HAIRY AND THE FINGERS INTO CLAWS...
NO...NO... ANYTHING BUT THAT...
NO!

...AND THEN YOU SEE HER ...THE STILL, LIFELESS FORM OF THE ONE YOU LOVED...AND YOU KNEEL BESIDE HER... DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED? CAN YOUR ANIMAL BRAIN UNDERSTAND THIS?
YOU CAN, CAN'T YOU? YES, YOU CAN... FOR TEARS, GLISTENING AND SALTY, FLOW FROM YOUR EYES. ON THIS NIGHT A MONSTER CRIES...A MONSTER CRIES!
SHE'S GONE, MONSTER! BUT IT IS NOT OVER! HER DEATH WILL BE AVENGED, WON'T IT? YES, IT WILL...BUT FOR NOW...YOU CAN ONLY... CRY...

NEXT: A TURN OF THE SCREW; THE MONSTER MONSTER SAGA BECOMES PROFOUNDLY DIFFERENT AS EACH TALE IS AN ADVENTURE UNTO ITSELF...A COMPLETE STORY IN EACH CHAPTER!

BEGINNING... **AND IN THIS LAND, HORROR!**

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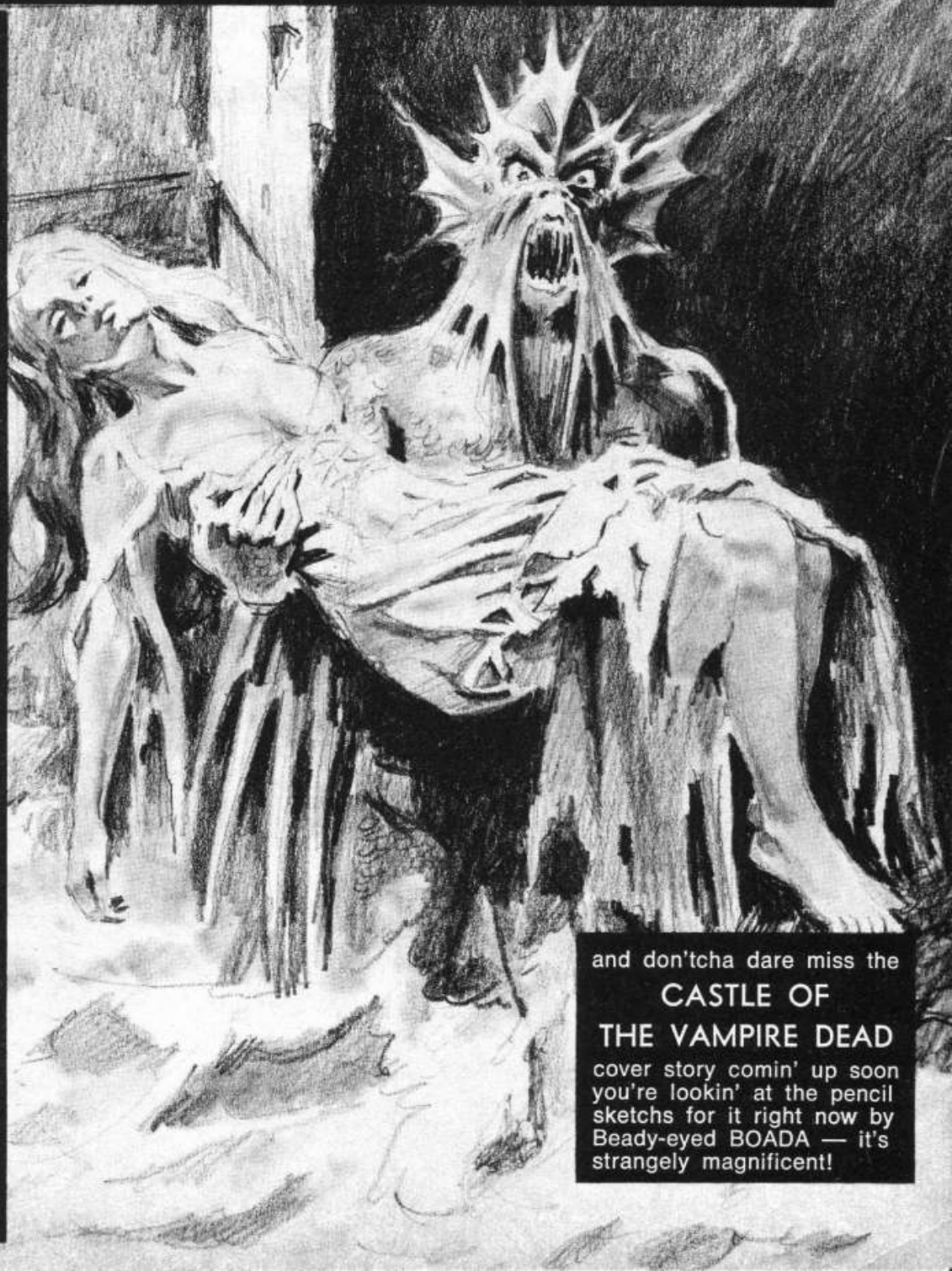

and don'tcha dare miss the

CASTLE OF THE VAMPIRE DEAD

cover story comin' up soon you're lookin' at the pencil sketchs for it right now by Beady-eyed BOADA — it's strangely magnificent!